WRONG LETTER.

By Justin McCarthy.

AUTHOR OF "DEAR LADY DISDAIN," "CAMIOLA: A GIRL WITH A FORTUNE," "A LYING VISION," ETC., ETC.

happy, who should be-who could expect to be in such a world as this? They were both young, both handsome, both in good health and strong-and they were man and woman, and they were engaged to be married. The prospects of the young man, Graham Welwyn, were good. He was a young medical man, and had just obtained a very important and promising appointment in one of the English communities in China. The appointment was for five years, and at the end of that time something much better was expected to arise, an appointment in London itself, perhaps. Katherine Shirley, who was engaged to him, would, of course, have to give up London for all that time; and this, it might be said, ought to be some source of regret to her. But, in the first instance, she had a passion for seeing strange places; and, in the next, she had little or nothing to give

up in leaving London. Colonel Shirley, her father, had married a second time-after the death of Katherine's mother-and he died in about two years. Katherine was sixteen years old when her mother died-and was not likely to forget her. She had no brothers or sisters. She had for the last two years been living under the direction of her stepmother, who was kind enough to her, but never quite warmed to her. Mrs. Shirley had always in her mind the idea that the girl resented her intrusion into the household-which was perhaps true enough, although Katherine tried hard not to show it. For she had sense enough to know that a man still handsome like her father, apparently in the fullness of life's prime, would hardly be content to live on the mere memory of a past love from the heart stories and effusions of soul to soul. age of forty-five. However, all that question was now set at rest. Colonel Shirley died in his prime, and his daughter was left alone with her step-mother. Therefore it was no great grief to her to have to leave England for five years in company with the man to whom she was to be married-the man whom she dearly loved. As to giving up London-why she was now only twenty years old-and when she came back with her husband after their amusing exile in China, she would still be only about twenty-five. Young people get used up very soon now, it would seem, but still there must be considerable capacity for the enjoyment of life left to a woman of twen-

The pair of lovers had been very happy all the afternoon. Graham Welwyn had been to luncheon with Mrs. and Miss Shirlev-they lived in a charming detached villa at Sydenham, and they had also a very nice little flat in Victoria street. which they occupied during the season and when the season was not on. It was now early autumn and the place at Sydenham was delightful. Mrs. Shirley had kindly and thoughtfully left the lovers alone for a good long time. Step-mothers are not al-ways cruel. Probably they are upon the whole not any worse than other human be-

Graham had lingered for nearly two hours. The lovers had been talking everything over, and everything looked so roseate! She was delighted with the change to the entirely new country and surroundings, and, in her romantic way, was some-times a little sorry that she did not even get seasick, so that she might seem to be sacrificing something for him. Lite now to her seemed all one long summer holiday, with youth forever at the prow, pleasure a perfect fixture at the helm, and love, according to the American phrase, bossing the whole show.

"Look here, darling." Graham said, as he got up and took his hat, "I must catch this next train for town; but there's something I want to ask your advice about-a woman would know, I've got a letter-from a woman.

"No-really, have you Tom? Then they can write, these women? I was under the impression that somebody said we couldn't "Come, now, don't be ridiculous—this is really a matter I do want your serious opinion about. The letter, you see, was not meant for me -

"No? Then whom was it meant for?" "That is just what I don't know. It was addressed-name and address all right. But it certainly was not meant for me." "How do you know, Graham, dear?"

"Oh, well, it couldn't, don't you see? It was from a married woman-and it was-well, in fact-a kind of-a sort of a-love letter." "But how on earth did she send it to

"Well-I know her enough to get invitations to dinner and that-and it occurred to me that she may have been writing several letters-and put one into the wrong

"Oh, but what nonsense-nobody ever does that except in stupid novels and plays."
"Yes-indeed-I once did it myself. sent a letter meant for the Postmaster-gen-

eral to the manager of a London theater.

and the letter meant for the manager to the Postmaster-general." "You stilly boy! But you would hardly, I should think, make such a muddle where you had any deep interest in the matter? You wouldn't inclose a letter for me in an envelope addressed to the Postmaster-gen-

"Well, no-I don't think I should be likely to do that under any conditions of confusion."

rancy," she said, thoughtfully, "my putting a letter for you into an envelope addressed to someone else!"

"I can't fancy it, Kitty."
"Neither can I." the girl replied, with a bright smile. "When you get a letter from me, Graham, you may rely upon it that it is meant for you. Don't flatter yourself that if I should write to-morrow or next day and give you the mitten, as they say in America, that it is only a letter put into a wrong envelope and really meant forthe Postmaster-general-or-for-"

"For Louis Alan?" "Oh, nonsense; Louis Alan never gave me the chance." 'He is such a conceited cad that I fancy he is quite certain you would have him if he asked you. Of course he has a lot more

money than I have." "Now, Graham, I do think you are unjust to poor Louis Alan-and what do I care about his money? I have got what I prize more than money. But I do wish you had let me tell him about our engagement-for I am not sure that he may not ask me even yet—and I should hate to hurt his feelings."

"I couldn't tell a cad like that anything about our private lives-he will get to know it all in good time, through the usual channels of information, as the newspapers

"Very well, you know best," the girl said, resignedly. "But now tell me about this letter from this married lady. What 18 her name?"

"Oh, I must not tell you that." "Are there to be secrets from mealready?" "Well, you know, this woman has been doing a foolish thing, and it only came into my knowledge by a mere accident, and there may be no harm in it, and I don't

want to make you think worse of her than she deserves. "Does she sign her name?" "Just a pet name-by which she is often

called, I know." "How does she address him?"

"She starts off at once, without any form of address-an odd thing in itself don't you think!" "Why, Graham," the girl said, looking a little annoyed, "you know that is what I always do. I hate these insipid forms-'Dear Mr. Brown' and 'Dear Mrs. Smith,' "Yes, I know your sacred principle," he

said, good-humoredly; "but then you don't write love letters." "Ob, yes, I do." "Not to the wrong person."

They were very happy. If they were not | letter and they both came to the conclusion that the best thing for Graham was to do nothing about it. Only a pet name was used, and it was not necessary that Graham should teel at all certain whose the pet name was. It was a commonplace name anyhow, and was borne by dozens of women. So it seemed better that the let-ter should not be sent back, and that the writer should be allowed to assume that the misdirected letter was a misunderstood letter by the man it reached, and was carelessly thrown away.

"When shall I come, to-morrow?" the lover asked as he was about to go,
"To-morrow-I don't quite know just yet. Nellie Cameron is coming to see me this afternoon or to-morrow-it is not certain which."

"Mrs. Cameron!" Graham's face grew "Yes. Why do you seem surprised? Oh!" Then a sudden thought occurred to her, and she, too, blushed and was embarrassed. "Graham," she said, almost severely. "you ought to tell me the whole of a story or tell me none of it."

"You are not angry, dearest?"
"I am not apt to be angry with you. But -yes-I think I am a little angry. Well, you must go now." She spoke coldly. "And about to-morrow?" he acked, eager-

ly, almost timidly. "About to-morrow? Oh, I will write to you and tell you when to come. I have lots of things to do, but I must fit you in somehow. Oh, here is some tiresome vis-

The windows opened on to a garden. "I'll escape this way," Graham said, hastily. "I don't want to meet any visitor."
The lovers parted with hardly a word of farewell, and the footman announced Mrs. Cameron, Graham just heard the name as he was escaping into the garden and making for the garden gate.

Mrs. Cameron was a kindly-hearted, empty-headed, prattlesome little woman, whose great delight in life was to wear her heart upon her sleeve-at least at all times when she wore sleeves, which were only in the hours of morning dress. She loved confidences and confessions, and She had known Katherine for a long time, and usually spoke of her as "my soul-friend" or "my heart-friend," Kath-erine ltked her well enough, in spite of her effusiveness and sentimentality, and | me to-morrow or any other day. I write she was really shocked at the story of this without affectation of great compas-the letter, which she could not but sion for you. You will find some woman believe to have been written by Nellie Cameron. She never could have expected anything like that of the poor, little, kind-

ly, foolish woman. She was spared further conjecture. Mrs. Cameron came rushing to confide the whole truth to her and to throw herself upon her confidence and implore her help. Mrs. Cameron knew that the wrong letter had gone to Graham Welwyn-for she knew that the other man had got the dinner invitation meant for Graham. The man who "Please don't tell me," Katherine inter-

posed-"I ought not to know"-"Child, you don't imagine there was any thing improper in it? You couldn't believe that of me! We are heart friends, we two, he and I, just as you and I are, and are in sympathy with each other, and we console each other, and open our souls to each other, and that day I felt I had need of him. and I wrote to him, and told him my soul was troubled for him. You do not believe my word, Katherine-you must believe it." "Of course, I do believe it, Nellie," Katherine said, emphatically.

"And he is so good. Why, it's Louis Alan, whom you know.' "Louis Alan!" Katherine was a little as-tonished. "I wish you had not told me," she said, coldly.

"Oh, but I must tell you all-you are the friend of my soul, too. "I do wish you wouldn't talk that kind of stuff, Nellie, at least to me or about me. Keep it for Mr. Alan. I dare say he likes it -I don't." Katherine could not help speaking sharply.

"Now you are angry with me! and now you won't help me," poor Nellie pleaded, her pretty little face all twitching and wincing with emotion. She was evidently on the brink of a tear torrent. Katherine

"Of course, I will do anything in my power to help you." she said, in a softened and pitying tone. "but what can I dof I pledged his watch!" The repeated admondon't see that there is anything that wants ition seemed to have got upon his nerves at doing. There was no barm in the letter. wouldn't write that kind of thing again if I were you-but I don't think there is anything much to be made about it." "But what we want is this, dearest Kath-

"What you want, Nellie," Katherine said, firmly-shutting Mr. Alan out of all co-operation in the business.

"What I want," Nellie said, meekly accepting the correction, "is this: I want you to explain it all to Mr. Welwyn, and show him that if he has any suspicion he is quite was on any particular day to be fixed or a movable festivity. Of course it would have been easy to form a standing agreewrong, and ask him not to say anything about it, and you will know exactly how to put it, and he will do anything you ask —and this would undoubtedly have saved to put it, and he will do anything you ask him. This is all I want. You will do this for me, Katherine?"

"That will be easily done," Katherine said. "Mr. Welwyn is not a suspicious man or a man who likes to think badly of women, and neither does he gossip about women or send abroad scandals about them." Much of this speech, it may be nounced. The meetings of the lovers alsaid, was an indirect thrust at the absent Alan, who certainly had often, in Kathscornfully of poor Nellie Cameron. At the that Graham should come through the gar-Katherine took the letters from the tray with an indifferent air. She knew there would not be one from Graham Welwyn, but a look of surprise came over her when she saw that one of them was from Mr. Alan. She was on the point of saying as much to Mrs. Cameron, but prudently repressed herself. Mrs. Cameron presently went through an effusive leave-taking and

disappeared. Then Katherine read Louis Alan's letter -with puckering eyebrows and reddening angry cheeks.

"My dear Miss Shirley-Can you see me to morrow-and what time? Do pray see me. I have, as Shakspeare says, 'A motion much imports our good.' I want to say something to you which I have long prayed for the courage to say, and which must be spoken at last. Tell me when I may come -for a pronouncement of happiness or a sentence of death. Living or dead, torever LOUIS ALAN," "Stuff," our angry maiden exclaimed.

"Sentimental affectation! Sickening nonsense! Perhaps he had just been writing some silly letter to Nellie Cameron. It is a pity he did not put them into the wrong envelopes and send hers to me and mine to her! Oh, I do wish he had sent mine to her! It would open the poor, silly thing's eyes." She put the letter into her pocket, waiting for a quiet time to answer it. The other letters that she got were of the ordinary social and conventional type-invitations and replies to invitations, and so forth. More callers came, and her time frittered away. Her mind was divided between two feelings-vexation at Alan's letter and vexation with herself because she fancied she had been somewhat harsh to Graham. That, however, she thought, with a pleased and confident smile, could be easily remedied. There would be no trouble in pacifying Graham-if he needed pacification. Perhaps he had not noticed anything in her manner. Oh, yes-he must have noticed something-but she would explain it all to-morrow. She would not write any explanation-she would tell it all to him. She would tell it to him when he came to-morrow-in her lettershe would only tell him when to come.

At last she was free to answer her letters and to write to Graham. She longed to see him again-longed as if weeks had passed since their last meeting-as if it were likely that weeks would pass before their next. She thought she had been a little harsh or cold to him, and she was eager to make him amends. But she would not write to him until the very, very last. She would get the mere drudgery of letter-writing done, and then she would write a letter to Graham. What an unspeakable difference sometimes between letter-writing and writing a letter! So she answered and issued numbers of invitations-she conducted most of the correspondence of the house and she wrote to her dress-maker. and after much work of the kind she came to answer Louis Alan's unwelcome and troublesome letter.

Now this was a serious business. She

him because he was rich-and he must have known this quite well, and yet he was always delicate and forbearing in his manner to her, and never pressed his courtship unreasonably or unfairly, and for this she was grateful to him. He was rather self-conceited, no doubt, although darling Graham made a little too much of that defect in a man whom he considered at one time as his rival. His rival! Only think of that! Louis Alan a rival of Grabam! The thought had often amused ber, but now it almost shocked her. For when it harmlessly amused her to smile at Graham's overwrought dislike to Mr. Alan she did not know then what Mrs. Cameron had just told her. Now she knew, and fancy her lover, Graham Welwyn, thinking that there could ever have been any rivalry in her heart between him and Louis Alan! What crime had Louis Alan committed?

Not much of a crime after all. He had got

into a romantic hyperbolical firtation

with æsthetic Mrs. Cameron, and they had

written to each other various unbarmful intensities in which there was a good deal of vanity and nonsense on both sides, and no serious thought of love on either. In truth Mrs. Cameron was very fond of her husband, who was a successful Queen's counsel, and hardly ever had time to talk with her. She used to say that she would be very glad if her hostesses at London dinner-parties would allow her husband to take her in to dinner-for then she would be secure of at least an hour's talk with him. But her husband was too busy and had absolute faith in her, and she got into this ridiculous, high-flown, sentimental correspondence with Mr. Alan, and they wrote of themselves as congenial souls, and other such stuff, and then she misdirected the

to a dinner which was meant for Graham Welwyn. Katherine did not want to make too much of it. She believed every word Mrs. Cameron had told her; and she was right. Shedid not think much harm of Louis Alan. Still, there was the fact that, at the very time when he was pressing her to marry him-well, not unduly pressing, but certainly trying quietly to induce her to marry him-he was all the time carrying on an æsthetic flirtation with Mrs. Cameron. This was what Miss Katherine very naturally did not like, and she was anxions, in consequence, to give a pretty sharp

rebuke to Mr. Alan. But how to do it-how to manage itthere was the question. Mrs. Cameron's story had been told, of course, in the strictest confidence, and only for the purpose of obtaining Katherine's somewhat extensive influence over Graham Welwyn. She could not make any allusion to that. Yet she meant to hit him a little hard if she could.

This was what she wrote to Alan: "It will be of no use your trying to see more suited to your tastes and temper than I desire to be.'

"Inat will do," she said to herself. Then she put the letter a little apart on the blotting-pad and left it to dry, while she wrote her few lines to Graham. "Come to-morrow at 1-I shall take care

to be alone until luncheon-time, and shall give you a welcome." That, too, would do, she thought-and then she began thinking about the two letters that lay open and drying, side by side. She had no pity for Alan, although, like a kind-hearted girl as she was, she would in the ordinary course of things have felt infinite pity for a man whose offer of marriage she had to reject. But she had no pity for Alan. For Graham-for Grahamfor dear, darling Graham, what infinite love, and trust and longing! "To-morrow

-to-morrow-if it were only to-morrow!"
"Haven't you finished your letters yet,
Katherine?" Mrs. Shirley asked, almost
sharply, as she bustled into the room. "It is close on post time, and James is waiting to take the letters to the pillar-box, and you will have to dress yet, and you'll be quite late for dinner, and these formal,

tiresome people coming."
"I'm all right," Katherine exclaimed, in great good spirits. "I have only to seal up two letters" (here she breathlessly enclosed and sealed them.) "Where is James? Ob, yes, thank you, I shall be dressed in no

I heard a story-and I believe it was quite true-of a once celebrated English tenor, who is long since dead. He was playing the principal part in the opera of "The Rose of Castile." He had in one scene to come abruptly on to the stage and sing a song beginning with the line, "When the King of Castile pledged his word." His pleasant comrades, men and women, kept playfully admonishing him every time he was in the part that he must be sure not to say, "When the King of Castile last, and one night he electrified the house by singing in his most thrilling tones: "When the King of Castile pleaged his relevant. Wait and you shall judge.

watch!" This story may seem a little ir-Katherine was waiting next day for the coming of Graham. Their usual trysting-time was 1 o'clock—but as it sometimes had to vary she had thought it prudent always to write to him and say exactly whether it some letter-writing. But the man who believes that lovers like to be saved the trouble of writing to each other is a man who never can have been in love himself and with whom any self-respecting woman

would be ashamed to be in love. Just before 1 o'clock Graham was anroom, the windows of which opened on to very moment while she was saying this a | den to the windows, and should tap there servant came in with some letters for her. on the glass for Katherine to let him in, provided the windows were not standing open, as in fine weather they always were. It pleased them both that he should come in this way, and not in the way of a common visitor.

But this day, to Katherine's amazement. he came in and was announced in the way of any common visitor. The footman preceded him, threw open the door and formally announced "Mr. Graham Welwyn." Amazed at the announcement, Katherine looked up and saw in one glance at Graham's face that something painful had happened. Graham advanced slowly towards her, hat in hand, and having all the air of a defiant and determined intruder. He was silent-stonily silent-until they were left alone, and poor Katherine positively trembled at his look.

"You see I have disobeyed you," he said. sternly, "and I have come. "Disobeyed me in what?" she faltered. "In coming in that way-like some ordinary visitor? Yes-why did you do it?" "You are trifling with me, Miss Shir-

ley-"
"Miss Shirley! Why, Graham, what do you mean? Are you taking leave of your "I am coming to my senses, I think," he said, solemnly. "I suppose I know you

"You know me now? Well, I suppose you do," she said, disdainfully, not comprehending in the least what he would be at. "Yes; you believed, I dare say, some stupid or malignant story about me. Oh. Katherine, how could you," and he almost broke down, "how could you? I ought not to have come here at all, but I resolved that at whatever pain to you and to me] would have from you the reasons for your conduct."

Suddenly the door was thrown open and the footman announced "Mr. Louis Alan." Louis Allen entered the room with an expression of fatuous self-satisfaction on his old-young face. Graham had drawn back. and the smiling, self-satisfied Alan saw no one but Katherine. "I have come," he said, in dulcet tones-

"I have come at your bidding, my Katherine! I may venture to call you mine, may I not?" Then, as he was about to take her hand and she was drawing back from him quite amazed and alarmed, his eyes fell on Graham Welwyn. "Oh! I beg pardon, I am sure." he said. "I-1-did not know you had visitors."

"So far as I am concerned," Graham said with truly tragic dignity, "it does not matter to me. You have asked this lady if you may call her yours. So far as I am concerned you may." He was turning to stalk out of the room with the solemn grandeur of a Ravenswood

for the last time the woman he believed to be faithless. "Stop!" Katherine exclaimed - "stop, Graham, I insist upon it! Are you both going mad?" Then a wild ray of guesswork seemed to flash upon her-and she turned to Alan and asked rather fiercely:

knew would have wished her to accept "you told me you would give me a welcome. "I told you to come? Why, I told you expressly not to come-not to come." "Oh I say, look here," he began to say, but she cut him short. "Graham, what did I tell you in my let-

> "You forbade me to come to see you any more," he said in funeral tones. Then Katherine looked from one to the other-and then-she could not help it-she could not help it-she could not control herself—she burst into a peal of laughter. Again and again the peal of laughter was renewed while the two men stood, now

glaring at each other, and gazing now at her, as she shook with laughter. "Oh, it is too ridiculous," was all that she could say for a while. "Really, Miss Shirley," Louis Alan be-

gan, in sumpering remonstrance,
"Really, Katherine," Graham began, in
the true Ravenswood tone— "Ob, Graham, don't you seef" she managed at last to say. "See-see what?" "Pon't you remember what we were talk-

ing about yesterday?' "I remember nothing that has much bearing on your conduct of to-day.' "Oh, you goose—you great—great goose. Can't you guess? Don't you see? I put the letters into the wrong envelopes! I was in such a hurry. I was so pressed for time; and you yourself with your story put the idea, I suppose, unconsciously into my head-and I didn't know what I was doing-and Mr. Alan, I am sorry to have given you the trouble to come here to-day for nothing-and if you, gentlemen, will kindly exchange letters everything will be made clear-and ob, Graham-my Graham, how could you ever mistrust me?

bear witness against you!" he asked in all letter, and Alan got the formal invitation the tenderness of a reassured lover. "Even with twenty bandwritings to bear witness against me-why didn't you come and ask mo?" "You see I have come-" "Yes, but you came in unbelief and not

"Even with your own handwriting to

I'll never again write letters without putting names inside!" Perhaps my readers will now understand the application of the story about the English tenor and the King of Castile. Many a man, woman and child is made to blunder into a mistake by being warned too strenuously against it.

[CopyrigM, 1892.]

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS. Young Egypt's Song to the North. Come down, come down to the orchard lands That lie to the south, -come down and see The beautiful Egypt whose lifted hands Shall hold the fruit of the years to be;

Come down to the fields where the apples shine Like clustered stars, and the heart grows light Quaffing the odorous winds like wine, In the drowsy hush of the autumn night. O who would live in the corn-lands cold

Of the treeless north, when a soil like this Is coming its heart into globes of gold. And holding them up for the sun to kiss;-Or who would live in the barren East, Or who to the deserts west would go, When Nature is spreading the richest feast,

Here, that her bountiful hands can show? We blush no more at your northern scorn. But fair in your face we can snap our thumbs And overagainst your boasted corn Can pile our peaches, and pears, and plums; Go build if you will your palace of maize High in the light of the cold north sun.

But think of the Pyramid we shall raise Of golden apples, piled one by one. What is a king on a crumbling throne, With a painted queen, and a pedigree, When matched with the man who dreams alone On the emerald plush, 'neath his apple tree? The Lord He loveth all men, and so Would lead their feet into ways divine,

In the peaceful shade of the Noble Vine. Then come to the south where the vineyards are And the prodigal bloom of the orchard burns Against the blue, like a rising star, Wherever the raptured vision turns:

But He counteth him best who toils below

Come down where the younger Egypt stands, Like a princess under her apple-tree. Holding aloft in her plenished hands The gift of the centuries yet to be. -James Newton Matthews

MASON, Ill.

The Gift,

Life came to me and spoke: "A palace for thee I have built Wherein to take thy pleasure:
I have filled it with priceless treasure;
Seven days shalt thou dwell therein,
Thy joy shall be keener than sin,
Without the stain of guilt— Enter the door of oak!"

I entered the oaken door; Within, no ray of light, I saw no golden store, My heart stood still with fright; To curse life was I fain; Then one unseen before Laid in my own her hand, And said: "Come, thou, and know This is the House of Wos-I am Life's sister, Pain."

Through many a breathless way In dark, on dizzying height, She led me through the day And into the dreadful night; My soul was sore distressed And wildly I longed for rest— Till a chamber met my sight, Far off, and hid, and still, With diamonds all bedight And every precious thing; Not even a god might will More beauty there to bring.

Then spoke Life's sister, Pain; "Here thou as a king shalt reign. Here shalt thou take thy pleasure, This is the priceles treasure, The chamber of thy delight Through endless day and night; Rejoice, this is the end; Thou hast found the heart of a friend." -R. W. Gilder.

Ode to Spring. I wakened to the singing of a bird: I heard the pird of spring.

At his sweet note The flowers began to grow, Grass, leaves, and overything, As if the green world heard
The trumpet of his tiny throat
From end to end, and winter and despair Fled at his melody, and passed in air.

I heard at dawn the music of a voice. O my beloved; then I said, the spring Can visit only once the waiting year; The bird can bring Only the season's song, nor his the choice To waken smiles or the remembering tear! But thou dost bring Springtime to every day, and at thy call The flowers of life unfold, though leaves of au-

tumn fall. -Mis. James T. Fields, in the March Century. A Year with Dolly.

I keep my dolly so warm and nice This cloudy, stormy weather; My dolly and I are quiet as mice Whenever we play together.

And yet we have the pleasantest play—
Would you like to ask "What is it!" Why, over and over, every day, My dolly and I "go visit."

Sometimes on "Towser" we like to call. Or travel to see the kitty: 'Tis grandpa's farm just out in the hall, And the parlor is Boston city; 'Tis mama's house in the corner there, And then, when the lamps are lighted, My papa's at home in his easy chair, And dolly and I are invited. -St. Nicholas.

A Greenwood Tree. The slender beach and the sapling oak That grow by the shallow rill. You may cut down both at a single stroke, You may cut down which you will. But this you must know, that as long as they

Whatever change may be, You never can teach either oak or beech To be aught but a greenwood tree. -Peacock.

Not a Candidate. Boston Journal.

One of the Democratic papers observes that "Judge Gresham is received with deleaving forever the hall in which he saw rision as a Republican candidate." This is an original discovery. Among Republicans there is at present no talk whatever of Judge Gresham as a candidate, for the simple reason that the mind of the party is fixed on President Harrison. Four years hence, if Judge Gresham lives, his claim will be considered, not with "derision," "No-my mind is pretty clear about that," had never particularly liked Louis Alan, the girl said, with her glad smile.

They talked a little over this misdirected his devotion—and her step-mother sho wered with a tremulous bewilderment—

"Why did you come here, Mr. Alanf" but with the profound respect to which his abilities as a man and his loyalty as a Republican entitle him.

"Why did you come here, Mr. Alanf" but with the profound respect to which his abilities as a man and his loyalty as a Republican entitle him.

READING FOR SUNDAY.

The Soul's Solitude.

Perchance, might be a starless, sunless space, Devoid of human fellowship and aid, And there, condemned to grope, trembling

Of silence terrible; (nor voice nor face, Nor even sense of time nor clew of way:) I yet might clasp and feel God's guiding hand Safe leading (though I cannot understand). At last-at last to everlasting day! Thus isolated are we born. Our own

Look fondly in our eyes; our aid beseech, We clasp them close; they drift to the un-As "circles only circles touch," our speech, Our love, availeth not. Dying-alone-Close to the soul is God. His hand we reach!

-Margaret S. Sibley. International Sunday-School Lesson for March 13, 1892.

PROMISE OF A NEW HEART. (Ezek. XXXVI, 25-38.)

Golden Text-A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you. (Ezek. XXXVI, 26.) HOME READINGS. M.-Promise of new heart.... Ezek. xxxvi, 25-38 Tu.-A heart of flesh...... Ezek. xi, 14-20.

W.-A heart to obey...... Deut. xxx, 1-8. Th.-A heart to know God....Jer. xxiv, 4-10. F.—Need of a new heart..... John iii, 1-8. Sa.—Evidence of a new heart. Titus iii, 1-8. Su.—A spiritual heart........ 1 Cor. ii, 6-16. COMMENTS ON THE LESSON.

New York Independent. We are told that cleanliness is next to godliness. The prophet makes it the type of godliness. The Jews were to be cleansed with pure water, washed from filthinessthat is, drawn away from their sins to the love of God. Sin is the defilement of the heart. A heart foul with sin needs cleansing as much as a dirty garment. It is more disgraceful to have the heart foul than it is to appear with a dirty face or dirty clothes.

The prophet then changes the figure. Again the fault of sin lies in the bad heart in faith-never mind-I forgive you-but in the man-a heart of stone, that cannot be softened by all the love of God. The sinner needs the hard, stony heart removed and a new heart substituted, a heart of

Have we not often seen people with stone hearts, cruel, unkind, bitter, revengeful, implacable! We sometimes take out a bad, aching tooth and put a new one in its place; why not take the hard, bad heart out of a person and put in its place a kind, tender, loving, obedient heart? Will you not ask God to do that for you?

The way to get that new heart is to ask God for it. He will be inquired of for it, He says. If we ask for it He will, He promises, put His spirit in us, and cause us to walk in His statutes. It is not easy for us to do this unless we have His help; with His help it is very easy.

With spiritual grace God will freely give us all things. God will give this world's blessings as well as grace. We are told that the meek shall inherit the earth as well as the heavens. The Jews lost their land for their sins, and regained it when they repented. Those are the happiest and most successful nations that fear God the most. With God's spirit came education, civilization, national prosperity, and every temporal blessing.

We do not mean to say that every good Christian will be rich, and healthy, and successful in this world; but it is true of a nation as a whole and the majority of its good people. The miserable people are the irreligious and immoral. It is not good Christians that end in prison or a drunkard's grave.

One who has been guilty of sin and then repents, despises himself for it. "Ye shall loathe yourselves," says the prophet, "for your imquities." That is a good, healthy feeling, if it leads you to real repentance. But the loathing is not enough. A man may despise himself and then commit suicide instead of trying to live a better

If a Christian commits a public sin he dishonors God. People will despise religion if one who professes religion lives unworthily, just as the heathen said that Jehovah was not worth worshipping because he did not deliver his people. They did not understand that God was the same, but that the people bad forfeited his favor. If you want God's forgiving grace and all the rich blessings that accompany it, then ask Him for them. He wants you to pray to Him. He will be inquired of. If our Nation has received wonderful blessings from the hand of God it is because we have so many that love and serve Him. Our Nation is populous. There are crowds of people like the flocks and herds. God has multiplied us, and we should thank Him and try to live worthily of His

Thoughts for the Day.

No man is free who cannot command himself.-Epictetus. The humblest occupation has in it all the materials of discipline for the highest heaven.—Robertson.

Tale-bearers and tale-hearers are alike guilty; the one bath thedevil in his tongue, and the other in his ear. - Bernard. Liberality does not consist so much in

giving a great deal, as in giving seasonably. If wrinkles must be written on our brows. let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should never grow old .- James A. Garfield.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.-Thomas a Kempis. Though prayer be God's due as a Creator. yet it is more truly performed when offered to him as a Father. Though none can pray aright but new creatures, yet all ought to pray, because they are creatures. - Secker. The word "Amen" does not mean "Let it be so." In that case the word would simply be an additional prayer. "Amen" means "It shall be so." It is declaration of faith-not a word of supplication .- Dr. A. T. Pierson.

I have ease and I have health, And I have spirits, light as air; And more than wisdom, more than wealth, A merry heart that faughs at care. -Milman.

Hope! of all ills that men endure, The only cheap and universal cure! Thou captives' freedom and thou sick man's Thou lover's victory, and thou beggar's wealth

"I will be happy all the day, Let come what may." 'Twas early morning when the word was said. And like a journey 'cross a weary plain, There stretched the hours, but I was comforted, As heart and voice sung o'er the sweet refrain. "I will be happy all the day,

Let come what may." -F. A. Bisbee. OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Wars during the last thirty-three years have cost 2,500,000 men and \$3,000,000,000. A railway in the Argentine Republic has

one stretch of 211 miles without a curve or Fifty-one metals are now known to exist. Four hundred years ago only seven were known.

The mean annual temperature of the earth is fifty degrees Fahrenheit; the average rain-fall is thirty-six inches. Java is said to be the region of the globe where it thunders oftenest, having thunder-storms on ninety-seven days of the

In China all wines are drunk hot. The thrifty Chinaman believes that heated wine intoxicates more expeditiously than cold wine. The total wages in G.eat Britain for 1890

year.

together.

was £48,000,000, or an average of only £56 10s per capita for the whole number em-There is reported to be more divorces granted annually in the United States than in all the rest of the Christian world put

London pays its gas companies annually £4,400,000 for a commodity which costs to produce only £3,100,000, thus giving the monopolist a clear profit of £1,300,000! There is an immense garden in China

that embraces an area of fifty thousand square miles. It is all meadow land and 18 filled with lakes, ponds and canals. It is a matter of record that 19,570 silver dollars were coined in 1804, yet only eight

samples are known to exist, and those that

are in good condition are valued at \$1,000

A woman in Bucksbort, Me., while feed-

mangled remains of a \$10 note, but it was evident that the pig had swallowed the rest of the money.

From recent investigations it has been found that the average speed of the transmission of earthquake shocks is very nearly sixteen thousand feet per second.

A pine tree in Pennsylvania recently scaled 3,023 feet of lumber. It made seventeen saw logs twelve and sixteen feet in length, and the top end of the butt log was

fifty-eight inches in diameter. Old postage stamps are highly prized in China, and a hundred canceled stamps will buy a baby. Accordingly, it is said, the Roman Catholics are collecting the old stamps and purchasing the infants, whom they bring up to Christianity.

Snuff has been made from a very early period, first and most largely by the Spanish, who prepared it with care and scented it with various materials. Next the low countries, Scotland and England extended and popularized the use of snuff.

It has been over 1,500 years since the rule was adopted which makes Easter the first Sunday after the full moon after the sun crosses the equinoctral line. By this arrangement of things Easter may come as early as March 22 or as late as April 25. The Edgar Thomson steel-works claim to

rail. In twenty-four homs they succeeded in turning out 1,907 American tons of rails, or 282 American tons more than the previ-ous record, held by the South Chicago roll-Whereas the total population of India, according to the preliminary results of the census published some months back,

have broken the record for making steel

was 284,614,210, further revision and examination of the returns brings out the still larger total of 288,159,692, or an average density of close upon 188 persons to the square mile, In Ashantee no man is ever allowed to see any of the king's wives, and should he even accidentally see one his punishment

is death. These wives during the working season attend to the king's plantations, but the rest of the time they live at Coomasie, the Ashantee capital, where they occupy two long streets. When sewing was rendered easy by the

invention of the thimble, or thumbell, as it was originally called, that useful article was worn upon the thumb, not the finger; and the Japanese dentist, disdaining any but nature's appliances, finds his thumb and finger all sufficing in the extraction of the most stubborn of aching teeth.

A new viaduct over the river Lea, in Bolivia, for the Antofogasta railroad, is described as the highest viaduct in the world. It'is 9,833 feet above the sea level, and the height of the viaduct above the river is 4,008 feet. It is 10,497 feet long; the highest pillar is 3,736 feet, and the weight of the structure is 9,115 tons. The "angry tree," a woody plant which

grows from ten to twenty-five feet high, and which was formerly supposed to exist in one State in the Union-Nevada-has recently been found in eastern California and Arizona. If disturbed this peculiar tree shows every sign of vexation, even to ruffling up its leaves like the hair of an angry cat, and giving forth an unpleasant, sickening odor.

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. Woman and Burglar.

Mrs. Winks (looking up from the paper)woman out West shot a burglar and Mr. Winks-Well! Well! What was she aiming at? Quite a Consideration.

Gotling-There is one good thing about Dimling-Wellf Gotling-When you order a five-cent bowl of soup the waiter does not expect a

As She Expected. New York Sun.

"When do you expect those seeds to come up?" asked Mrs. Bleecker of Mrs. Emerson, "I do not expect the seeds to come up. My expectation is that the seeds will produce plants, and that they will emerge

Made an Impression. New York Weekly.

from the soil in two weeks."

"You make short calls."

Mr. Saphead (sighing)-I wish you could find something about me to like. Miss Beauti (kindly)-Well, Mr. Saphead. there is one thing about you I like very "I am glad to hear you say so. What

A Sure Thing. New York Weekly. Sparkle-Your sister is wearing one of Miss Pinkie's rings. I wish you'd get it for me. I want to take the measure. Going to

buy an engagement ring, you know. Barkle-Enf Has Miss Pinkie accepted Sparkle-She will, when I propose. Last night she asked me how I liked her mother.

Our Elastic Language. New York Weekly. First Customer-I wish to select a vase. Floor-walker-Yes, madam. James, show the lady to the crockery department.

Second Customer-I wish to select Floor - walker - Yes, madam. George,

Vawz.

show the lady to the bric-a-brac department. Reasonable Supposition. "Mr. Featherly," inquired Bobby, while the dessert was being discussed, "is your dog's name Rome?"

"No." replied Featherly, in some aston-

ishment, "his name is Major. Why,

Bobby? "Because pa told ma last night that you were down at the Eagle Hotel making Rome howl, and I s'posed he was talking

about your dog.", A Rival's Indorsement.

Street & Smith's Good News, Mr. Richfello (who has fallen desperately in love with Miss Beauti)-What a charming girl Miss Beauti is! Rival Belle-Yes, indeed, she's a perfect angel; she's so self-sacrificing. What do you

think she did last spring! "Really, I don't know; something lovely, no doubt. "Just heavenly! She melted up all her old engagement rings and gave the money

Salaries and Duties.

New York Weekly. He-I think we need not worry about the future. I am now getting \$2,000 a year as second assistant sub-editor of the Daily Blower. She-Yes, but you are killing yourself do-

ing two men's work. He-I know; but before long I may be promoted, and then I'll get \$3,000 for doing one man's work; and, if I have patience, I will eventually reach a position where I will get \$5,000 for doing nothing at all.

The Last Gun.

Clothier and Furnisher. "This, then, Miss Grassneck," said the young man as he started for the door, "is your tinal decision?" "It is, Mr. Wicklugge," said the young

"Then," he replied, his voice betraying an unnatural calmness, "there is but one thing more to add." "What is that?" she asked, toying absently with the lobe of her shell-like ear. "It is this," be muttered-"shall I return

those black-satin suspenders by mail, or

will you have them now?"

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morbid humors. It is of no use to heal the sore by outward applications. Beecham's Pills will Cure these Affictions. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St. 49